Wonder Stars! Now only 5.99

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Wonder Stars! Now only 5.99

by BumblebeesAndDandelions

Summary

Wills masks are still fragile, and difficult to keep up when alone.

Notes

June 2 - | Sobbing | Survivor’s Guilt |

See the end of the work for more notes

Seducing Hannibal was… easier, then expected. Not that it was seducing, exactly. A honey pot, just until they could find evidence, Jack said. It felt like seducing, though. He'd changed his wardrobe, his mannerisms, had learned how to don and shed masks. He was playing the game now with Hannibal, and sometimes it pissed him off how obvious Hannibal was, now that he knew what to look for. It pissed him off more than sometimes.

The dinners were elegant, the conversation was stimulating. His best friend was a murderer and a cannibal, and he was getting paid to flirt with him.

When he was alone, and not acting for Hannibal or Jack, he missed who he had been. He had been… maybe not quite happy, but content. He'd had his dogs, a couple friends, and a job he enjoyed. His imagination hadn't been used to tear apart his mind, his friends hadn't been murderers. His friends had been alive.

It hurt, so fucking much he could barely breathe he thought to long about them. About Abigail, the girl he'd already begun to think of as a daughter. A survivor, strong and smart, killed to frame him for murders he hadn't committed. Beverly, his friend. Brash enough to break down his walls before he could think to strengthen them, easily accepting of his oddities. She had had faith in him, and it had killed her.

He was in his closet, in the bedroom he rarely used. It was dark and cramped, and felt safe. When he was a kid, overwhelmed by the feelings of all the other people around him, he'd hide in his bedroom closet, tucked away in the dark, and stay there until he felt like himself again. He spent hours in there. His father had noticed, and although he hadn't said anything, he wasn't that type of man, he'd bought glow in the dark stars for Will, and left them in his spot in the closet. He'd put them up, and for years afterward, every time they moved, his father would buy a new set of stars for him to put up, so that he wouldn't be trapped in the darkness while he put himself back together. This closet didn't have any stars, just a thin, weak bar of light creeping under the door from the hallway light he'd left on.

He was crying, he realized vacantly. His face was wet, so was his shirt. He'd been crying for a while now, curled up in the dark.

He missed Beverly's humor, the way she held everyone together. He missed her smile. He missed her. It hurt, so badly, that he knew who her killer was, and he couldn't do anything about it. He'd loved Bev, and he couldn't bring himself to kill the man who'd murdered her.

It felt like a betrayal of her. He'd sent her after Hannibal, and she'd died because of it. He wanted the man behind bars, he wanted him to suffer, but he couldn't kill him, couldn't make himself pull the trigger. He'd told Hannibal he would kill him with his hands. He wasn't even sure, sometimes, when they were together and Hannibal acting so damn human, that he even wanted him dead at all.

Will's nails were digging into his arms, deep enough to carve indents. He wouldn't break skin, didn't have enough nail for that, but it would bruise. He couldn't let go, just dug in harder. A punishment, for letting Bev die. For not hating Hannibal as much as he should. For surviving, when Abigail and Beverly and all the other victims of the Ripper had died.

He didn’t know why he was still alive. Or he did, he just didn’t understand it. Hannibal wanted a companion, someone interesting. Someone alone, so that Hannibal would be the only thing of importance in their life. Everyone who Will cared about was dying, because Will was too fucking interesting. He wanted to tear his empathy out, shove it at Hannibal, say here it is, take it and leave me the hell alone. Stop hurting me, please, you can have it.

He was almost glad his father was dead, if only so that Hannibal couldn’t hurt him, couldn’t ruin him.

He’d succeeded, Hannibal. Will had no one left. Abigail and Beverly were dead. Alana didn’t trust him, thought he was crazy and violent, and only one of those was even new. Jack wanted to trust him, but he’d already proven he’d sacrifice Will to get what he wanted.

Hannibal, at least, had never really abandoned him. Always there, always ready to offer a smile or word of advice or comfort, even as he let Will’s brain melt in his skull. Even as he planned the deaths of the people he cared for. Even as he planned to frame Will. Will had been so unused to kindness that he hadn’t noticed how poisoned Hannibal’s was. He’d wanted, so badly, to believe his friend was good, to believe that he’d chosen his anchor well, and it had gotten everyone Will cared about killed.

He wouldn’t, couldn’t make that mistake again. He wouldn’t get close to anyone. He wouldn’t trust Hannibal. He’d punish him, because otherwise, everything would be Will’s fault, and he couldn’t live with that.

He missed his little stars, keeping him from being lost in the darkness. He was lost now, and he didn’t think there was any way back. All he could do was go deeper into the dark, and hope he kept enough of himself on the journey.

End Notes

“I looked up at the night sky there. Orion above the horizon and, near it, Jupiter. I wondered if you could see it, too. I wondered if our stars were the same.”

“I believe some of our stars will always be the same. You entered the foyer of my mind and stumbled down the hall of my beginnings.”

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